

# THE COAST RANGE PILOT



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by  
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The coast range pilot.

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*The*  
**COAST RANGE  
PILOT**

By an Old Presiding Elder

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Facts from a Home Missionary's Life  
*'Of Whom the World was not Worthy'*—*Heb. 11:38*



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**WILLIAM McDONALD**  
**Or The Coast Range Pilot**

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**Chapter I.**

*A Year's Work in Oregon.*

“What do you think we ought to do, William? The place is so far away, that I do not see how we shall ever get there. I wish—.” Here the voice faltered, and tears came to the eyes. It was Mrs. McDonald speaking to her husband, a faithful missionary in Oregon, just after the bishop had read the report which assigned the ministers of the conference to their fields for another year. Mr. McDonald had been appointed to a mission far away over the mountains, where the church he represented was not very well known. It was a county-seat of no little importance, beautifully located near old ocean’s beach, but exceedingly wicked, and almost destitute of religious instruction. The churches for some reason had failed to give it the attention usually accorded such needy places.

Mr. McDonald very well knew what his wife had started to say, and was glad she had not finished the sentence. He thought he understood the difficulties which confronted them, for had he not been a missionary for many years? The journey would be a long, tiresome one, over the mountains by stage, and the work problematical when they were once on the ground. Then he recalled their financial straits, occasioned by a lack of support during the previous year; in fact, the earnest toil of twelve long months had brought them, in material remuneration, only about two hundred dollars, besides a

few donations in wood and horse feed. If their children had not been able partly to make their own living, it is difficult to see how this pittance could have been stretched out so as to cover the expenses of so large a family; but with it the missionary and his noble helper had managed to make ends meet. More than once their flour barrel had been empty, but it happened—call it that if you will—that at each meal they had enough to supply their returning wants, for which they never failed to give thanks to the Father of all mercies.

“Jennie,” said Mr. McDonald in a tone full of sympathy, and which betrayed deep emotion, despite his efforts to conceal it, “we will go. You know the vows that rest upon us. The bishop is a godly man, and his associates on the committee are men of prayer. This appointment must be of God. If so, dare we ignore it? Do you not remember how, the other evening, when we were preparing to start to conference, we sang that hymn, ‘Where He leads me I will follow’? Can we thus early betray a lack of confidence in an all-wise, overruling Providence? If Jesus were here—”

“I know you are right,” interjected the good wife. “Perhaps I should not have said what I did. I was only going to add, when my feelings overcame me, that I wished we were better off in the things of this world. You know our furniture is old and scant. If we were to take it with us it would not be suitable for a town like Oldham. When we get there we shall have nothing with which to purchase an outfit, and, of course, nobody will want to trust us. I was simply humbled by a vision of our poverty, that was all.”

The situation was a grave one, as she viewed it. To go meant to leave their children behind, the very thought



of which made the heart bleed. Two of them, to be sure, were married, and had little homes of their own, but the others would be left to get along as best they could.

“True it is, Jennie, that we are poor, but remember that we are not the only poor people in this world without houses and lands, silver and gold. You fear that nobody will want to trust us. We will not ask them to do so. If our going has God’s approval, and I feel sure it has, we will trust in Him, and He ‘will bring it to pass’. I confess the way seems dark. I do not see what we can possibly do over there, but my blindness shall not prevent an honest effort on our part to succeed. We will start early next week.”

This conversation occurred Sabbath afternoon as they were out walking. Under such trying circumstances it was a boon to be by themselves, where they could talk without restraint of all that was in their hearts. During the dinner hour but little had been said. Though the repast was abundant, neither had relished it. The good people with whom they were stopping observed that Mrs. McDonald was exceedingly nervous, if not in actual distress of mind, over the thought of the coming year, while the husband’s reflective mood indicated his intense anxiety as to the outcome.

At night the bishop preached again with marvelous power. A divine finger had certainly pointed out the text. John the Baptist was held up as a pattern to be copied by every minister of the gospel. His loyalty to Christ was especially emphasized. Whether living or dying his one and only purpose was to promote the kingdom of Heaven.

As Mr. McDonald sat entranced under the truth, and its certain application to the varied experiences of

the ministers present, and to all others as well, he silently yet earnestly prayed that he might become more and more like the Baptist in faith and devotion to his Lord. Then for a while he was oblivious to everything about him. Though the bishop continued his great discourse, he heard it not; though surrounded by a multitude, he saw no one. He was absorbed in deepest reverie. With his mind's eye, he could see John journeying up and down the wilderness, and hear him proclaiming, with stentorian voice, the near approach of the new kingdom. "After all," he said to himself, "the mission of every true minister is to witness for Christ, and to hold him up, as John did, as the one perfect example after whom all men are to fashion their lives." Then he almost started to his feet when he heard his own voice humming the song which he was wont to sing so often, "Where He leads me I will follow." Only a few, however, heard his half audible words. All eyes were fixed upon the tall, erect figure in the pulpit, and all ears were enchanted by the clarion notes which rang out from the sacred place.

The congregation dismissed, the preacher whispered to the bishop, half afraid that some one might hear him and misjudge his motive, "Wasn't that sermon intended for me?" But without waiting for an answer he continued: "Whether you designed it for me or not, it suited my case exactly. It brought to me clearly a new vision of duty. Bishop, I am ready for anything which Providence may arrange in connection with my work this year," and so saying he turned away, singing in his heart, "Where He leads me I will follow."

The next day, in conversation with the presiding elder, Rev. Cornelius Buell, he ventured to inquire: "Elder Buell, what was your thought in sending us to

that new place beyond the mountains? But, perhaps, I should not ask such a question. I will only ask if you have any advice to give. I believe in God, and in the church, and long ago accepted the ministry as my life's work, but somehow I feel oppressed. Our way seems hedged up. Maybe you can help us."

The elder scarcely knew what answer to make. Having been on the ground himself, he fully appreciated the situation. He also knew, better than Mr. McDonald could know, the distance and difficulties of the journey. "Indeed, my brother, I have but little advice to give," said Mr. Buell, finally, "except that you continue to live a good life before the people, and rely upon Heaven's promises for all there is in them. As to what and how you shall do when once on the ground, I cannot say. You must decide the details of your own work. We were impressed, as a committee, while in prayer, that you ought to go to Oldham, and the conviction deepened as we gave it thought. We are sure we have the right man for the place. What we regret most is that we cannot give you much missionary money. Sixty dollars was all the committee on finance could appropriate, and that is not yet in sight. I know you will be disappointed in this regard, but somebody must go. If our country is to do its full share in redeeming the whole world, we must get our people saved. This will mean great sacrifice on the part of the home missionary—greater, possibly, than is required at the hands of any who go to other lands. The work of the coming year will be to you a thorough test of those divine assurances of help to which you and I have so often alluded in preaching to others. God bless you as you go."

To all this the missionary made no reply. In fact



the elder needed no word from him, for he had already discovered in his countenance and calm behavior a fixed purpose to carry out the wish of the conference, no matter what the cost. So giving Mr. Buell a hearty farewell grasp of the hand he turned away, not to see him again for many long weeks.

## Chapter 2.

### *A Midnight Struggle.*

On their way home from conference Mr. and Mrs. McDonald talked almost constantly about the work of the conference, and the seemingly strange disposition made of the preachers. Just why Henry Markley should be sent to a circuit of seven appointments was a mystery to them. A good, safe man, of course, but his health was too poor, they thought, for such excessive work as would be required. But they agreed that itinerants ought to submit to the appointing power, and yearly accept the fields assigned them as in accord with Heaven's will. They had often witnessed the demoralizing effect which nearly always follows numerous resignations in a conference, and had come to believe that it was almost unpardonable to refuse a charge unless hindered by unavoidable circumstances. They had observed, they thought, that those who went where they were sent, and did what was asked of them, fared just as well, and usually better, than those who were always resigning for something easier and more profitable.

"William, what do you think our people whom we have served the last two years will say about our new parish, if such it may be called?" inquired Mrs. McDonald. "The more I think of our pleasant relations with them the more keenly I am pained over the thought of separation. They are nearly all beginners, you know, in Christian work. As we received most of them into church fellowship, it is but natural for us to sympathize with them, and to give them a warm place in our hearts."

"I have been thinking about them too," said the husband, "and I must say that I love them as never before. I can now understand at least something of Paul's great affection for his Thessalonian converts when he called them his 'glory and joy.' "

"Yes, dear, we shall pray for them every morning and evening that they may be kept in the good way. We will write to them also, and encourage them to faithfulness and service."

"But we must be careful, Jennie, as to what we say in our letters. The brother who follows us, you know, is very sensitive, and might sadly misinterpret our motives. You remember how much harm Brother Ermine did us two years ago by writing to some of our members. Every now and again for the first six months they would stick a letter of his under our noses, and tell us all about what he had done, and what he would do if back again. I thought the bishop gave us some valuable suggestions along this line. His theory is that we are all the servants of the church. When a pastor is put in charge of a field, it is his duty to leave it in the best possible condition for his successor, and to contribute his utmost in making the work pleasant for him. If we do any corresponding with the people it will be solely with the view of helping the new pastor. If we can't do that, we'll not write at all."

But Mr. and Mrs. McDonald were not alone in their anxiety over their future work. Their children at home were eager to hear what conference had done. They had made so many moves in their short history that they had come to expect a change of circuits every two or three years; hence as each year drew to a close it was but natural for them to discuss among themselves



the probabilities of the future. Up to this time they had gone with their parents, sharing in the hardships and worry incident to moving; but after all they had enjoyed it. There was something about the new scenery and associations growing out of such changes that was intoxicating to their young minds. Now a new experience awaits them, though they do not suspect what it is to be. This time they are to be left behind, and to remain absent from father and mother a whole year. Though able to make their own living, and to "paddle their own canoe," as they often put it, they nevertheless had deemed it a great privilege and benediction to be near their parents, and to seek their godly advice when they could trust no others.

When the parents reached home they were soon surrounded by their children who asked all about their trip, the work of the conference, and their plans for the future. To do this required half the night, but the report was cheerfully listened to from beginning to end. Finally, the two married children went to their homes in the village, while the others retired to rest. The mother especially needed it, for she was weary both in body and in mind. She had carried for the past two days a heart burden which she could not very well explain. The husband himself knew but little about it. She had endeavored to surround him with as much cheer and sunshine as possible. It was only occasionally that her countenance betrayed the intense inward struggle through which she was passing. The others slept that night, but she could not. What she had seen and heard, and the experiences that had come to her since Sabbath morning, now appeared more real than ever. No, she was not dreaming. She had actually been to conference,

and had promised to go to a far-away field. As she thought of the new relations that awaited her, involving she knew not what all, her very spirit recoiled from the undertaking, and she wept like a child.

“Certainly no such lot has fallen to any of our missionaries in heathen lands,” she whispered to herself. “Though they are away from home and friends, they have back of them a great missionary society which insures them their support. We are promised only sixty dollars. Why is it that so little attention is paid to the workers in the home field? When Mrs. Epworth sailed for India the board paid her way and gave her, in advance, one hundred dollars. That’s more than we may get for the whole year. Then who will pay our traveling expenses? What society will see to it that we have a comfortable house in which to live when we reach our new mission field? If we must do such work, I would rather go beyond the seas; for then we would be sure of plenty to eat and wear.” Then turning to the past she lived her life over again. Visions of the old home, with its paternal charms, caused her to forget the future for the moment, and renewed in her heart and life the cheer and joy of childhood’s days. Mrs. McDonald had been reared in a home of plenty, and, though on a farm, it was not without its culture and refining influences. She thought of the old, five-room cottage on the hill side, of the mill down at the creek, and the noise of the dam, deep and sullen, when the waters were swollen by the rain. She called up again her happy school days, when all went merrily from morn till eve. She recalled, too, the Sundays on which the family had driven in their carriage to the village church two miles away, and the many cheery greetings that came from the friends and

neighbors who always waited with delight her coming. To revel in thoughts of such days was to her like walking in a garden of flowers. But facing the future once more, she fairly moaned with anguish as she remembered what conference had done, and would expect of them another year. "Why, oh why, has such a lot fallen to me?" she queried. "Can it be thus with any other missionary's wife? What led me, when young, and in a pathway so full of promise, to turn aside and choose such a life as this?—a life fraught with hardships and heart-aches, and one that cannot possibly get any better?"

Really, she had begun to complain, a thing she had promised many times over never to do. There was no sense, anyhow, in sending them so far, something suggested. There were others who could have gone with much less sacrifice, and would be worth just as much, or more, when once there. Just then Mr. McDonald, half dreaming, and unconscious of his wife's wakefulness, and of the great temptation that had come to her during the night, began to hum his favorite song, "Where He leads me I will follow." Again the dear woman was in tears. Her shame and remorse were inexpressible and almost unbearable. She had suddenly seen the other side of the picture, and with the vision she recalled with painful distinctness, the consecration she had made when she had promised to become a missionary's wife. Her parents, and others as well, had explained fully the career upon which she was about to enter. They had pictured in darkest colors, the sacrifices that would be required and the care and anxiety that would come into her life. But she had carefully and prayerfully counted the cost, and felt that she was actuated by the highest and purest motives in taking such a step. She craved

a relationship in Christian service that would multiply and enlarge her opportunities for usefulness, and, withal, aid a humble missionary in his work. But in an unguarded moment her faith had faltered. She had grievously sinned, as she afterwards expressed it, in disregarding the vows of other years. But with these reflections came the penitent feeling—that sorrow which the honest heart always expresses over conscious wrongdoings. Again she turned to God in earnest supplication, as she so often had done before. It was not a prayer for deliverance from the Gethsemane into which she had been thrust, or for the removal of the cup which had been put to her lips, but rather the pouring out of her soul in pleadings for grace and strength to faithfully endure whatever might come in the work she had chosen. Her oft-repeated pledge of faithfulness was again renewed, and again she was happy. A holy calm of soul enabled her to spend an hour in restful slumber. As the morning light pushed back westward the curtains of night, a new sun arose to shine in her life, and to radiate the home. Now she could once more join with her husband in singing out of a full heart, "Where He leads me I will follow." A complete victory over self had been achieved, and she was willing to go, and to do, and to die, if need be, that the purpose of the conference might be loyally and faithfully carried out.

"Yes, we will try to get away next week," she said to her husband as she arose and began to busy herself with the affairs of the new day. "I think we can pack up what we wish to take with us in a few hours. Quilts, sheets, pillows, and such table wear as we can tuck away between them will have to suffice. We must leave something for the children. When we get to our des-

tionation we will supply ourselves as the means come into our hands. Our clothes, and much more, can be put into our old trunk. And speaking of clothes, William, makes me think that you will need a new suit before we start. For the sake of the family, and especially for the church's sake, you should appear respectably dressed when we get to Oldham. It is true that clothes do not make the man, but the preacher's personal appearance has much to do with the standing of the church. I am sure this defect, or whatever you may call it, greatly hindered the usefulness of Pastor Fredline last year at Genoa. He is intelligent, you know, and at times mighty in the Word, but he failed, and largely because he was never presentable. His clothing, if not old, always appeared so. And then he would enter the pulpit with tobacco spit all over his shirt front. Mrs. Nelson told me more than once that she could scarcely endure his appearance; and especially was his presence in her home objectionable, because his use of tobacco and lack of neatness was demoralizing to her boys."

"Quite right you are, and I will go and buy a suit the first thing after breakfast, provided I can borrow some money. I think I can get ten dollars of one of the boys, and twenty of brother John Newman. We must not go in debt. A preacher owing everybody is fully as bad, if not worse, than to go shabbily dressed."

By noon the new outfit had been purchased, which meant that the money had been secured. However, since the thirty dollars was to meet all expenses until they reached the scene of their new year's toil, only fourteen of it could be put into clothing. But who knew better how to economize than they? Had they

not profited by the experience of other years? Mrs. McDonald needed a new dress badly, but she thought she could do without that for a while. Possibly she would be able to do some needlework, or nurse some sick person, and thus help pay for a gown. Knowing that all eyes would be turned upon the preacher, and that his appearance would go a good way with the people in forming an opinion of the man and his cause, she was willing to forego the pleasure of having something new herself in order that her husband might appear the more respectable in public.

How charmingly beautiful such wifely devotion! What a factor in the achievements of a successful missionary! When the crowning time comes will she not hear Heaven's well-done for the part she has wrought in the ministry of benediction and reconciliation?

### Chapter 3.

#### *An Exciting Mountain Journey.*

When all arrangements for moving were completed, and affectionate farewells had been given to children and others, the missionaries started on their journey. To leave the children behind was a bitter experience to the mother. She felt the pang of separation at the last moment more keenly than she had expected, and so had gone to the secret place more than once, not only to weep, but to pray for sustaining grace when the final trial should come. The strength so earnestly sought was obtained.

The first eighty miles was by rail, which distance was made without any incidents worth mentioning. Sixty miles more had to be traveled by stage, and that, too, over mountains, and, at various places, over exceedingly dangerous roads.

Many had been the stories they had heard from travelers about the wild, uninhabited region. The good bishop\* himself had had a most exciting experience on one occasion as he crossed these same mountains on horseback by what was said to be a "near cut." It was in mid-winter and deep snow covered the ground. When the bishop reached a certain narrow pass his pony suddenly slipped and fell. The unhorsed prelate scrambled to his feet, while the animal, unable to regain its footing, slid over the bank and landed some forty or fifty feet below in a gulch. When reached it was found to be so closely wedged in behind a log that its freedom could only be secured by removing the log itself. Climbing

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\*Bishop J. S. Mills.

back up the mountain side by a circuitous route, they finally reached the trail again and pursued their journey.

It would be but natural for the missionaries to think of the experiences of others, and to expect to be overtaken at almost any time by some sort of calamity.

When the stage driver was found, he positively refused to carry anything but passengers. The fall rains having set in, the roads were next to impassable, hence the refusal to transport such boxes and trunks as travelers usually take with them. This made it necessary to ship their baggage, except some extra clothing, back home, and have it sent around by water, which would require a full week, perhaps twice that length of time. Owing to high winds the smaller boats were irregular, and travel on them quite unsafe.

When the stage driver found out who Mr. McDonald was, and where he was going, he seemed to be greatly amused, and laughed outright at the idea of a man going that far to starve. Finally, the preacher, in a tone which, perhaps, indicated a little impatience, inquired, "Are you going over the mountains?"

"To be sure I am," replied the coachman. "Then we are going, too," said Mr. McDonald.

The fun-making, unbelieving driver soon found that his passengers were not to be laughed out of a great purpose; and little did he think that Providence was using him, wicked as he was, to aid His servants in the accomplishment of their mission.

In thirty minutes the stage was ready, and the little company was headed toward Oldham for a ten-mile drive that evening. At a late hour they drew up at an old-fashioned mountain inn. Mrs. McDonald had never seen anything like it before in an experience of



nearly twenty-five years. She had slept in log cabins, and by the wayside in wagons and tents, but she could hardly think it possible that such a rickety old house, in such a desert place, could be designed for human habitation, much less a hotel for the accommodation of the traveling public. Whispering to her husband, she said: "How is it possible for us to stay all night in a place like this? It is just too awful to think about."

The hotel, so called, had but two rooms in which to cook, eat, and sleep, except a half-story above, called "the loft," where three or four children were nightly tucked away to dream of the coming morning. By and by the travelers retired, but not to sleep. The night seemed long to them, though they only had a few hours to rest. If the first ten miles had so wearied them, how would they feel at the end of the other fifty? But with these unpleasant reflections came courage and determination.

"We will not give up the journey now if we die on the way," said Mrs. McDonald to herself. "This is a rough, trying experience, but much better than the Master had it, for he had not where to pillow his head." Again she thought of their favorite chorus, "Where He leads me I will follow," which seemed to mean more to her now than ever before.

The next morning at five o'clock, almost before they had time to eat the cold lunch which they had provided before leaving home, and to drink a cup of hot coffee, the stage driver called out, "All aboard!" It was yet dark, and the rain was pouring down. Though the vehicle was called a stage-coach, it was really nothing more than what Westerners call a "buckboard," without any protection whatever from the rain and storm.

This made it necessary to carry umbrellas, which they found to be very inconvenient. The roads were indescribably bad. Three passengers and the driver, together with a hundred pounds of mail, made a full load for four horses. A part of the time the carriage wheels were in the mud axle deep, but on and on they pressed their way, across roaring ravines, up narrow passes, along steep side hills. After about six hours' drive the mountain crest was reached. Then the horses were lashed into a furious gate. It was fifteen miles to the valley below, and the driver seemed determined to make it in as short a period as possible. A part of the time they were galloping at full speed. In making short turns the outer wheels seemed to touch the ground only once in a while. Soon they were so bespattered with mud that they could scarcely be recognized as human beings. Again and again they protested to the driver, but to no purpose. He was due at a certain place at a certain hour, and must get there on time, he said, if he had to leave stage, passengers, and the United States mail behind in a wreck.

This was a phase of itinerating that Mr. McDonald never experienced before. To his brave wife it was a revelation she had never dreamed of. "Certainly no others ever had such a time as this," she would say over and over again. They had but little time to meditate on the work before them, or to think of the family and friends left behind. Thoughts of being thrown over this precipice, or into that roaring, dashing stream, occupied their minds most of the time.

When they reached the end of the stage division another team and driver awaited them. The exhausted travelers were not even permitted to dry and clean their

clothes. After a hurried lunch they were off again. To reach Oldham that evening the speed of the former driver must be kept up. At last, as the sun was nestling among the mountain tops on the eleventh of November, they landed at the place of which they had thought and talked so often.

## Chapter 4.

### *Homeless, Yet Cared For.*

When the faithful missionaries reached their journey's end, they knew not what to do, nor where to go. They had only four dollars left after paying their stage fare and other expenses, so it was evident they could not spend much time at a boarding house.

Stepping across the street to the nearest residence, Mr. McDonald asked the lady if they might come in long enough to warm and dry their clothing. The request was kindly granted, and in a few minutes the rain-drenched travelers were enjoying a bright wood fire. While they felt grateful for this favor, and heartily thanked the good lady for her kindness, they were, nevertheless, feeling blue over their situation. Mr. McDonald had tried to keep in good spirits despite the shadows which now and again fell athwart his vision as he looked out upon the work of his new field, but it required quite a stretch of faith to bridge the chasm which seemed to appear between them and the success for which their hearts so deeply yearned. They were strangers in a strange land—no money, no home, no human friend in whom to confide.

When the man of the house came in he soon made inquiry as to Mr. McDonald's business. When told, he laughed, as the stage driver had done, and declared frankly that Oldham was a mighty poor place for preachers; and, as for himself, he did not believe very much in them, or their preaching. He called himself an agnostic—one of the "know nothing" kind which

the minister often runs across in his travels. He was anxious to draw Mr. McDonald into an argument, but his approaches and attacks were so skillfully parried that he finally gave up the attempt.

When supper was ready the missionaries were invited to dine, but they tried to excuse themselves by saying that they had only stopped in to dry their clothing, and would now go to a hotel. However, they were glad to remain after such a pressing invitation. The woman's kindness and tender solicitude made them feel that she was a Christian, and that they might possibly find in her a real helper in their new work.

Mr. McDonald had been a soldier in the Civil War, and as the gentleman of the house had been a drummer in the same, they finally drifted into an interesting conversation. Their similar experiences, in other and more trying years, drew them closely together, and made them warm personal friends.

But where were the missionaries to lodge for the night? The query annoyed the preacher all through the evening hours. Every moment the situation became more grave and harrowing. To remain without being invited to do so would be exceedingly improper and humiliating, and to start out in the darkness to go, they knew not whither, was a great trial. Mrs. McDonald felt the situation more keenly, perhaps, than did her husband. She had not done much talking, but had thoughtfully considered the conditions which environed them. She wished and prayed most earnestly that some way out of the difficulty might be made plain.

At last, when the opportune moment came, she suggested to Mr. McDonald that as it was growing late, and the friends of the house might want to retire, they

would better go to the hotel. The lady at once expressed regret over not being able to keep them. They had only one spare bed, she confessed, and their son was expected at home that night. Her husband, however, had become so interested in the preacher that he was not inclined to let them go. He thought some arrangement could be made for their accommodation, and, after holding a short conference with his wife, told them they must stay.

Providence had certainly opened the way for the night's lodging, and from their inmost hearts they reverently offered thanks. Mr. McDonald was anxious that he be asked to conduct devotion before retiring, but no such privilege was granted. It was a home without worship. No consecrated altar was there from which the sweet incense of prayer arose.

But the door of their little bed chamber had scarcely been closed until the two were upon their knees, side by side, to pray for direction and help. It was a privilege richly enjoyed by both to be thus shut out from the world after two days of hurry and worry, and to be permitted to talk together when none but God could hear them. They did not sleep much that night, though they were greatly in need of rest. Planning for the morrow occupied their time for the most part. The proverbial stone wall loomed up before them, and must be scaled, or gotten around in some way.

The next morning after breakfast the itinerant started out in search of a house, and soon found one of three rooms waiting for a tenant. The cook stove which belonged to it was out at a Mr. Swinson's, about a mile from town. Now Mr. Swinson was a kind-hearted Christian man, and when he found out who Mr. Mc-

Donald was, and what his circumstances were, he asked him to stay at his house until his goods should come. The invitation was so warm, and the spirit shown so fraternal, that the proffered hospitality was accepted.

By this time light had begun to dawn. Their prayers had certainly been answered. Tears of gratitude came to the preacher's eyes as he tried to tell his wife of the kindly reception his new-found friend had given him.

"Ah, William," said the good wife, "it is just like our Savior to so arrange for his servants. We have forsaken all, even our dear children, to serve Him, and will He not provide for us? If the sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is not his all-hearing ear open to our prayers!"

For the next three weeks they stayed in this Christian home, for such it was. Like the household of Obededom, when the ark of God rested in it, the blessings of Heaven were upon this devout, thoughtful man and his wife as they afforded shelter to God's chosen ones.

Daily visits to the town enabled Mr. McDonald to make a number of acquaintances, and to outline his methods of procedure when ready to begin operations. It also gave him a chance to study, quietly, the needs of the people among whom he was to live, and to whom he was to preach for the next twelve months. He found it especially difficult to secure a house of any kind in which to "hold meeting."

The people were inclined at first to look with a degree of curiosity, if not suspicion, upon the newcomer. His presence in the place, a stranger and homeless, caused no little comment among the citizens generally. Then his manners were somewhat peculiar, many thought. Though quiet and unobtrusive, he could not refrain,

at times, from speaking to some one on the subject of religion. He naturally had a warm heart, which enabled him to get very close to the masses, but that warmth had been greatly intensified through prayer and a growing passion for souls. While he laid no claims to scholarship, he knew the Word, and handled it with the skill of a master. The Bible had been, and was yet, pre-eminently the standard of authority with him. He drew his theology fresh and warm from its sacred pages, and with the adroitness of a general marshaled its truths against every form of error. At times a crowd would gather about him to hear his conversation with some individual to whom he was unfolding, simply yet earnestly, the great fundamentals of the Scriptures.

He was also the embodiment of courage. He soon found that many of those vices which hurt and destroy society were fostered in Oldham. For example, the saloon was there, getting in its usual work, and no prophet to lift the warning voice. The withering, blighting shadows of the deadly upas had already fallen upon many homes, as was evident from the number of drunkards to be found on the streets. His inmost heart was stirred as he viewed the awful iniquity, and thought of the poor wives and children whom it had made worse than widows and orphans.

Then, too, the dancing craze was sweeping the town. Two or three nights out of the week the music and revelry of the ball-room could be heard long after the midnight hour. Nor were any lines drawn among the dancers. Some of the church people were as prominent in this sort of "pastime," as some were pleased to call it, as any others could be. Mr. McDonald was deeply pained over such conditions, made possible, and even



encouraged by professed Christians. Those keen perceptive faculties which every successful minister possesses now enabled him to rightly diagnose the religious state of the town.

More than once did he become so earnest in his conversation that the noon hour passed unnoticed. The desire to see a great religious awakening among his fellow-townsmen grew on him from day to day. Every exhortation pointed to a higher plane of living. "If becoming a Christian means anything", he would often say, "it means everything." The church and the world he insisted, form two distinct societies. There is no middle ground to occupy. Either the church must go over to the world, or the world must be converted and brought over to the church. If Jesus were here, would he attend the dance and sanction the grog-shop? Would he so identify himself with the world and its follies as to belie his divine mission?

His arguments were pungent and well aimed. Nor did they fall short of the mark. Some called him a crank, others charged him with pietism, while others, still, took offense because his testimony was constantly against worldliness in the church, and formalism in religion. But some seed fell in good ground. Not a few were touched by his good life and earnest words. They believed the truth, and the truth made them free. The fact that some took offense did not in the least discourage the faithful messenger. Their anger and criticism, he thought, simply indicated something of the conflict going on between self and an aroused conscience. He could plainly see that the revival for which his soul cried to Heaven was beginning to manifest itself.

## Chapter 5.

### *The Missionary Wins, and a Revival Follows.*

After waiting some three weeks, and getting no word from their trunks, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald decided to gather up a few articles of furniture and bedding and go to housekeeping. Prudence seemed to dictate that they had remained long enough with Mr. Swinson. While they had been accorded every courtesy that could be expected from strangers, and had been assured time and again that they were welcome to remain, yet they did not think it right to further tax the good will and generosity of their host. They also feared that to stay longer would occasion adverse criticism among the people, and thus make it more difficult to secure that sympathy and coöperation so essential to success in a new field.

Then, too, they wanted to be together alone. They felt the need of more prayer. In a home of their own, though it be exceedingly homely, they could multiply and extend their seasons of devotion and meditation at will.

The house had already been cleaned, and in other ways prepared for its occupants. Nearly everything they started with had to be borrowed, but they were fortunate in having friends to thus help them. For the time they needed only one bed, four chairs and a few dishes. "We borrowed three quilts, two sheets and a pillow," was the preacher's way of putting it. The cooking utensils gotten with the stove were a tea-kettle, dripping-pan, frying-pan, and a stew-kettle. The bed

and chairs he bought on time, and that, too, in the face of a determined purpose which he had expressed on his way from conference, not to go in debt for anything. But Mr. Swinson had assured them that there would be no trouble in settling a bill of only five dollars and fifty cents.

As soon as it was understood that the new preacher had gone to housekeeping, the people began to inquire after their needs, and to manifest no little concern for their comfort. "Angel visits," became frequent, and as the result, their larder was well supplied. Though they had prayed so long and incessantly for divine interposition, they were really surprised when they found themselves surrounded by so many who seemed to have concern for them.

"To me, this is marvelous," said Mr. McDonald to his friend Swinson. "Providence has led us in a strange way, but clearly it is the right way." At this point Mrs. McDonald broke in, somewhat to the amusement of both her husband and their caller, and began to sing, "Where He leads me I will follow." The whole work of the ministry was taking on a new aspect to them, and faith in the Christ of Olivet was thenceforth to mean more to them than ever before.

To be so poorly fixed for housekeeping was embarrassing to both when visitors came, and often led them to apologize, and to explain that things would be better when their goods should arrive. Some of their callers were really interested in them, and wished them well; others came merely to see, and to get something to talk about when they left.

In writing to their children, however, the parents explained, without reserve, their situation, and even

indulged in a little pleasantry over it. While they had never owned much of this world's goods, they never before had been driven to such close quarters, and to depend so fully upon the benevolence and good will of the people.

But another trial awaited Mr. McDonald. He had not as yet preached in the town. Many had been the inquiries, from one motive or another, as to when he would begin his ministry. But how could he begin without a place to preach? The season for outdoor meetings had passed, so a church-house or other building would have to be secured. A few years prior to this, some "Comeouters" had built a chapel in the place, but the independent movement soon went to pieces, as does nearly everything that is undertaken by such folks. As the house was not paid for, it became the property of a business man who took up the mortgage against it. The owner agreed to let Mr. McDonald use it for a nominal rent, provided he would buy it if an organization was effected. The edifice was in good condition, and withal a creditable place in which to worship. There was only one other church in town, and preaching services were held in it only once a month because the minister had several other appointments. He did not even live there.

Of course the missionary had no members or money behind him, but he decided to accept the proposition, and make the most possible of the opportunity it afforded.

When the first appointment was made it was near the holidays. No mortal but the missionary himself will ever know with what trepidation he approached the little church the first Sabbath morning. Though

anxious to preach, he feared lest he might find himself without a congregation. Nor were his fears wholly without foundation, as only eleven persons were present. A few who belonged to the church had set about to prejudice public sentiment against what they seemed to regard as an innovation. It was a case of "the dog in the manger." They were doing nothing themselves for the town, and seemed determined that nobody else should.

Even those who had shown special concern for Mr. McDonald by contributing something for his temporal support, did not feel called upon to "run after" the new preacher, as they expressed it. They were willing to aid him on general principles, because they considered him worthy of their benefactions, but that must end it.

As he had only the one service for that Sunday, the remainder of the day was given to meditation, and to a thoughtful survey of the whole situation. And it was well that he could be alone, especially as he felt greatly humiliated over the size of his congregation, and the kind of a sermon he had preached. To his wife he confessed that he had experienced a bit of pride as he thought of a full house at his first service. But, alas! the disappointment! He had been deluded and tempted, and with this thought came the consciousness that he had dishonored his Lord in that he had coveted a name and fame utterly at variance with the spirit of the gospel. But when he arose out of the humiliation into which his pride had plunged him, he was a wiser and stronger man. All this led to a change of his plans. God would help him, to be sure, but he must try to help himself. He recalled Paul's ministry at Ephesus where he not only preached to the public congregation, but went

from "house to house" among the people with messages of love and good-will.

During the week Mr. McDonald visited more than a score of families, not merely to ask them to come to church the next Sabbath, but to talk with them respecting their personal salvation. A few did not receive him kindly. There was too much religion in his talk. While they believed him to be sincere, they had but little sympathy with his mission to their town. So it goes. The preacher is all right with a certain class as long as he does not want them to be good, or if they must be good, they must measure their piety by standards of their own.

Toward the close of the week he felt so repaid for his efforts that he said to his wife: "I now see, as never before, the real purpose and worth of pastoral visitation. It is certainly God's plan. While I am not in reality a pastor here yet, I am fully decided as to my course when the Lord gives me a flock to oversee. There is such a joy in going from house to house. I have touched so many lives that needed help. Only this morning I entered a home over which I found hanging the shadows of death. A little girl—an only child—died last month. The mother's heart was so tender and anxious for a word of comfort. In answer to prayer the right message was given me, and God blessed it to their good. Such glorious experiences as I have had! I am looking for a good time next Sunday. But, wife, we must remain contrite. This work is of the Lord, and He must have the praise.

"Yes, William, I am sure you are right, and you have found the key to the problem before us. Only yesterday Mrs. Butler told me how your visit to her husband in

his little shoe shop had helped him. She says they will both worship with us next Sabbath. It makes me feel good to know that you had a message for those bereft, grief-stricken parents. In such homes, and amid such shadows, the Master loves to dwell. Shall we not, in the same sense, every now and again, abide with others under the shadows?" Here the good woman was so overcome with emotion that she could say no more, while the husband, with his heart upon the mount of ecstasy, began to sing, "Where He leads me I will follow."

When the next preaching hour came more than half a hundred were present to hear the Word. And it was a precious service, a time of great heart searching and of blessed fellowship, a veritable Bethel to the devout worshipers. Then another week of visiting and hand-to-hand work followed. The missionary's circle of acquaintances and influence was widening all the time. The people soon began to send for him to visit the sick here and there, and to administer comfort to the dying. No matter how humble a minister may be, or what church he belongs to, he is usually welcome in the home where the sinner, beyond medical aid, is dying without God and hope. This home-land toiler's presence in many a home proved a real benediction. His life was a reproduction of the beautiful life of the Master, hence he drew to himself the devout and religiously inclined as certainly as the magnet attracts to itself the particles of steel.

Another thing that helped him very much was his musical voice. He believed in singing the gospel as well as preaching it, and used with telling effect this precious gift with which nature had so richly endowed him. Mrs. McDonald also sang well, and always had

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been of great help to him, especially in evangelistic work. Neither believed very heartily in some of the new songs which had become so popular in many places, nor in the cold, mechanical style in which they were sung. Such hymns as "My faith looks up to thee," "Come, ye sinners poor and needy," "Come, humble sinners in whose breast," and others, were given right of way, and found a place in almost every service. "Where He leads me I will follow," was his favorite when at home, and in his secret meditations.

The little church was nearly full at the next Sabbath's appointment. The interest was deepening with each service, and taking on more and more the aspect of an old-fashioned revival. The people would linger after the benediction to speak with the preacher, and to greet one another in a spirit of genuine fellowship.

In a few weeks standing-room was at a premium, and the revival was on in earnest. Among the first converts was a noted gambler. It was at a cottage prayer-meeting one day that he made the surrender. As he arose into the new life his experience seemed to electrify the people, and created a great excitement. Some wept; others shouted aloud for joy. As if on wings, the news was heralded over the town and surrounding communities, "Bill Jenkins, the boss gambler, has been converted."

Some who had shown a decidedly sectarian bias at first, now began to attend, and to manifest a lively interest in the meeting. As the tide of religious fervor arose, conversions multiplied until they numbered over eighty. Then the meeting was closed; but the revival went on. The fire continued to burn. The tide con-



tinued running in, bearing to shore almost daily some one who had been rescued from a life of sin.

The next thing in order was to form an organization. Since organization is the philosophy of strength and success, Mr. McDonald sought to bring into a common fellowship as many as desired to continue with him, and to become a part of his church.

When ingathering day was over he had thirty-five members, with the promise of several others. The other church, of course, had benefited largely by the revival. To say that he was a happy man is putting it tamely. He lived in an atmosphere of constant joy. "After all," he would say, "the conference knew best. Had we rebelled, we should never have reached this Beulahland experience."

Long ere this their goods had arrived, which enabled them to make their little cottage more homelike and inviting, and which made it less embarrassing to them when called upon by strangers. While they could not afford a carpet, they did have a good bed and couch, and six straight-backed chairs and a rocker. A dining-room table, with falling leaves, had in some way been added to their stock. Of course they would get other things later. But up to this time not a dollar of missionary money had been received, not a dollar.

While new-made friends had given them many things to eat, such as meat, potatoes, sorghum molasses, and some groceries, yet cash had been a scarce article. The people, as might have been expected, had had no training in benevolence, and so did not know how to give. In fact, the most of them were poor, and had but little to contribute, no matter how generous their impulses might have been. Then, no doubt, some placed a false esti-

mate upon the cost of living when considered in relation to the preacher's home. In fact, this is done everywhere. Carrying to the parsonage a supply of meat, potatoes, cornmeal and horse feed does not meet the demands of the minister by any means. Such things are good as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. To purchase clothing and books, and pay house rent and car fare, he must have money like other people.

Mr. McDonald had in some way scraped together enough cash to renew his church paper, and a magazine or two, in addition to paying rent. Other points were needing preaching, and were calling for him, but he could not go to them. If he could only get fifteen dollars of his appropriation, what a help it would be! To many a poor home missionary fifteen dollars all at once is a great boon.

## Chapter 6.

### *A Happy Visit From Elder Buell.*

On the ninth of February the mail brought a most welcome missive to the missionaries. It was indeed, "Good news from a far off land." It read as follows:

Portland, Oregon, February 2.

My Dear Brother McDonald: If all goes well, I will reach your place by the ninth, and remain over Sabbath, and possibly until the middle of the week. I am praying for a good quarterly meeting. I saw your dear children the other day. They are getting along very well, and send love. Your oldest daughter has been quite sick, and under the doctor's care, but is far enough improved to be up and around again. They did not write you about her illness, knowing you could not get home to see her, and would feel greatly distressed. But be of good cheer; she is beyond the danger line. You will be glad to know that all your dear ones are interested in your success.

Your Brother,  
Cornelius Buell.

The letter had been delayed for some reason, and reached them only in time to announce the elder's coming. While they were talking about their children, and wishing they could be with them, and before the letter was even put back in the envelope, Mrs. McDonald looked out through the window, and, springing to her feet, exclaimed, "There he comes now! Elder Buell!" There was no time for any special preparation for their visitor, for he was at hand, and both dashed out to meet him, and to welcome him with glad hearts.

Owing to bad roads and the expensiveness of the trip, Mr. Buell had put off his visit until this time.

But for his deep solicitude for the new mission, and a desire to help the work, he would have remained absent still longer. The visit would cost him in dollars and cents much more than he could reasonably hope to get; but no matter. He must do his duty, though it required great heroism and sacrifice. He had no sympathy for presiding elders who simply visit each charge every three months, and in a perfunctory manner help a little on Sunday, get their salary, and then start for home the same evening or early the next morning. A presiding elder, he thought, ought to exercise the functions of a superintendent, and, as such, it was his duty to acquaint himself with every detail of work connected with the different fields on his district. Mr. Buell was himself a home missionary, receiving less than \$500 a year with which to support his family and pay house rent and traveling expenses.

They were scarcely seated in the parsonage until the fond mother began to inquire about her children. The letter, yet in her hand, had made her heart tender, and with tear-dimmed eyes she thanked the elder over and over for visiting their dear ones, and writing so kindly of them.

This man of God made himself exceedingly useful during the few days of his sojourn with them, not only in preaching several times, but in encouraging the workers, and especially in "getting up a donation" for the preacher.

Many were the questions the missionaries asked concerning the other pastors of the Coast field. They must know all about their health, their revival work, their support, and prospects of success. Nor could any fault be found with them, for thus catechizing the elder,

since it is but natural for Christian workers to manifest a mutual interest in each other, and in the progress of the church they love.

When it was known that Mr. Buell was in town, many of the people, and among them some of Mr. McDonald's own members, were curious to know just what would be done. Would his business meeting be anything like that of the other church, or would something new and novel be introduced?

Then all were anxious to see the elder, the one man about whom the missionary had talked more than any one else. Could he beat Mr. McDonald preaching? Would he be liked as well? These and many other questions were freely discussed in view of the extraordinary occasion which the coming Sabbath would bring.

The matter of buying the church-house in which they worshiped would now have to be considered. As an organization had been formed, there was only one thing to do, and that was to elect trustees and make the purchase. The elder was in harmony with the proposition, for he was wise enough to see that permanency could not be attained in their church work without a house of their own.

The Sunday morning's sermon and communion service were of a high order, though the attendance was much beyond the capacity of the church for comfort. All this was an eye-opener to Mr. Buell, and showed the thoroughness and far-reaching results of the revival recently held.

At the evening service a number of new members were received, closing an epoch-making day in the history of the new congregation. On their way home

at night Mr. Buell said to the preacher: "My brother, this surpasses anything I had hoped to see here. The Lord has certainly been with you, or such results would not have been achieved. I'm so glad I came in time to warm by your revival fire."

On Monday evening a quarterly conference was organized, trustees elected, and plans laid for the raising of a payment on their church, which was to cost six hundred dollars.

When seated again around the wood stove at the parsonage the elder rather pressed the missionary to know how he was getting along financially, and in doing so he touched a tender spot. Mr. McDonald was not inclined to complain, or even to talk to others concerning such things. He was too modest and self respecting. Then he did not wish to be put down as having any dissatisfaction to express over his lot, or with the work to which he had been assigned. He believed God with all his heart, and sought to avoid any expression that would indicate distrust on his part. But he frankly told the elder all about his circumstances. He had received eatables of various kinds to the amount of twenty-four dollars, and in cash twenty-two dollars. He had paid his rent promptly, and kept even at the grocery, but that was all. He owed some yet on his cheap furniture, and not a cent of the money he had borrowed before starting to his mission had been refunded. Then they were needing some clothing which could only be bought with money. Still another thing caused him much anxiety. Other points were in great need of the gospel, but he had no way of getting to them. He had walked twice to a distant neighborhood, but it was too much for his strength. In various communities from

ten to fifteen miles away, the people were entirely destitute of religious services, but he could not reach them without help. If he only had a little money he would be able to accomplish so much more. How he would welcome a part of his appropriation!

All this time the elder's eyes were upon the speaker. Just what to say in reply gave him no little concern, for a great deal might depend upon the answer. He was a good enough judge of human nature to understand something of the struggle that was going on in the soul of the missionary, despite his efforts to control the tides of emotion which welled up in his being as he tried to talk.

"Brother McDonald," the elder finally said, "Your words touch my inmost heart. I wish I knew how to express my sympathy for you this moment. Again and again I have been grieved to tears over statements similar to yours. Just how long my brave men are to suffer, God only knows. The other week I visited our dear brother Janes on his field, and found his family in great need. He is on the Range mission, you know, and, though he has several appointments, the people can't do much for him. The settlements are new and widely separated. Nothing much was raised last year, so all are hard pressed financially. But the few families grouped together here and there are intelligent, and feel that they must have a minister. Nothing so helps them in their poverty and loneliness as the gospel of good cheer. They are developing a great, rich country, and will count for something in a few years. Though Brother Janes lives in a little village, his children can't go to school for lack of decent, comfortable clothing.

Two of them had no shoes until I supplied them. I just couldn't stand it."

"Well, William," broke in Mrs. McDonald, "we are not so bad off after all, are we? I am rather sorry that you mentioned our case."

"But I was amazed," continued the elder, "to see how cheerful Brother Janes and his wife were. Love for the poor souls among whom they toiled made them forget their own poverty and hardships."

"But you know," interrupted the missionary, "that America is to help save the whole world, and it is certainly praiseworthy in men and women to do and dare, to suffer and sorrow, as many of our noble comrades are doing at this time, to get our country ready for her part in the final triumph of grace."

"Yes, that is the old, old theory, but in my judgment it is wrong. I used to think that way, but in the last few months I have assumed a 'face about' attitude. I have seen too much suffering, and experienced too much myself, to be influenced any longer by mere sentiment. I cannot make myself believe that the good Lord requires the home missionary to make all the sacrifices. It is a strange sort of philosophy that makes full provision for the worker in China and Africa, and ignores almost entirely the comfort and well being of the one who toils on the frontier at home. Of course, I believe in the cause abroad, and shall never discourage it by word or deed. In fact, I never heard much else but foreign missions in all my ministry, but I propose from this on to say more about the home work when I touch congregations able to give. More, I don't intend to say anything about money for other lands on many of



my fields, until the preachers and their families are at least respectably fed and clothed.

“If I live to attend another session of our conference, I am going to be heard on this very question. And, what’s more, I’ll have a message for the mission board. I attended one of its meetings a few years ago, and heard of nothing but India and China. The secretary made a strong plea for the poor missionaries over there, saying they only received six-hundred dollars a year, each, and traveling expenses. Of course, they are furnished headquarters free of charge. While he talked with tearful eyes, and bemoaned their situation, I just thought to myself, ‘What a blessing six hundred dollars would be to each of my preachers. They would gladly pay their own rent and traveling expenses.’”

“At that meeting seven speeches were made on foreign missions, and not one on the home work, except a little plea I tried to make for our own conference. Understand me. I do not object to the missionaries abroad getting six hundred dollars. They richly deserve it, and much more. But my own missionaries in Oregon are just as good and deserving as are those beyond the seas. Why should they toil year in and year out on the pittance of from two to four hundred dollars? Everything depends upon what such heroes do—everything at home and abroad.

“I know very well that those who go to other shores must suffer in various ways. Travel on the high seas has its dangers. Then, to be so far away from loved ones means very much, perhaps more than some people think. But here, too, the cup of suffering and sacrifice is full. You heard me speak at conference touch-

ing the awful trial that came to our brave Brother Dennison and his wife a year ago. The very thought of it has caused me to weep many a time. He left home early in March to be absent four weeks. It was a hundred miles around his mission. While away his sweet little daughter, of six winters, took diphtheria, and survived only a few days. Not knowing just where the father was, and having no means of finding out, he never dreamed of what had occurred until he reached home and called for her. When the wife told of the little one's death, and how sad and lonely the funeral was, his great frame shook with emotion, and falling upon the bed he cried for an hour. And, mark you, for all the work and sacrifices of the year he received less than one hundred dollars in money. I often inquire, 'How long, O Lord, how long must these things continue!' Where on earth, beyond the seas, or this side, will you find missionaries more brave, more devoted, and more self-sacrificing than our own dear workers here on the Coast?

"I shall press the missionary secretary to come to our next conference. He must see and hear some things for himself. He and the bishop must hear the stories of some of my men. Another matter I want them to consider, is that some of the territory we already occupy will soon be lost to us unless we get a little aid from the board. Two other churches that believe in this country and show their faith by raising home mission funds, are proffering to give our congregations at certain points regular preaching every two weeks if they desire it. These men are well sustained by their respective home mission boards, and so are not compelled to live from

hand to mouth all the time. They have conveyances of their own and warm outfits for the winter. The people are not slow to recognize these things, and very naturally wonder why the difference. Of course, it will have something to do with their estimate of the church, and later with their relations to it."

Here he paused a moment. The brief review of conditions had fired him up, and led to a manifestation of more than usual warmth in his talk. Then addressing the missionary again, he added: "Brother McDonald, would ten dollars do you any good? With the collection I received yesterday I can spare it until I see our treasurer. If no money has come in I will take up the matter myself when I go to Spring Valley. I think they will make it good."

"Yes, elder, it will relieve me very much. I can pay something on what I owe here, buy a pair of shoes, and send five dollars on what I borrowed before starting for this place. Maybe I should not have said anything, elder, but I was awfully puzzled over our situation. I hope I am not distrusting Providence."

"Of course you are not" said Mr. Buell. "I believe in trusting Providence. That is a part of my religion, but for my life I can't see why the workers here in Oregon are to do more trusting, when bodily and family comfort is to be considered, than those in foreign lands. There seems to be something wrong in our whole system of missionary operations. You people are getting along in years. By and by you will have to lay down your chosen work. Who will care for you then? What a shame on the church to permit her heroes, after three or four decades of service, to be turned out like old, wornout

horses, to die on the commons." Then, should you not do something for your children? I grant that it is too late now for you to gather up very much, but, to say the least, you ought to have a living while in the ministry that is half-way respectable. I protest against any policy that will keep you and others down in poverty's vale under the specious plea that such a life is necessary in order to develop our own land to the further end that the gospel may become world-wide in its sweep.

"But I suppose the people back East, where the church is strong, never think of this country as a mission field, Since distance lends enchantment, they look beyond us to other shores. They seem to think that only those in other lands are worthy of support, and deserve to be called missionaries. I wish I could go among them for a while and tell them of the possibilities of this vast field, and how the men suffer who are trying to cultivate it. But at conference, as I said, this whole question will be threshed out. We shall want to hear from you then."

Mrs. McDonald had all the while listened most intently. The elder had not talked at random, for she knew from experience the truth of much he had said. When he was through her only word was: "Brother Buell, I hope you will succeed in finding some one of means whose heart is in sympathy with us folks out here."

After two days more of fellowship, the elder bade the faithful couple good-bye, and started on a long journey over the mountains by stage. His presence and ministrations had been greatly blessed of God, not only in encouraging the missionaries, but, as well, in strength-

ening the faith of those who had come so recently to know the church. He visited the charge again in May and August, but at the request of the McDonalds did not make the fourth official visit. As dearly as they loved him, and as much as they enjoyed his presence and help, they felt it almost cruel to ask him to come so far at so great a personal sacrifice.

The preacher retained his place in the affections of the people generally, to the very last. Even the most prejudiced were compelled to respect him, and to credit him with having done a great work for the town. That drunkenness and revelry had measurably decreased, all could see and no wonder, for some of the worst inebriates and lowest down ingrates of the place, had been saved and brought into church fellowship. The general spiritual uplift was marvelous. An effort was made two or three times to rally the dance, but without success. The Christian people had come to see that real service for Christ and dancing do not go together.

On the elder's second round, he brought twenty dollars, which was half of his allowance by the conference. The balance, however, was not paid till the close of the year. This small sum enabled Mr. McDonald to preach occasionally at two other places during the summer and fall months. The people were hungry, and he tried to feed them as best he could.

The first payment on the church-house of one hundred and fifty dollars was secured after a week's effort, leaving three more annual installments of the same amount. By the time of the second coming of the elder all their personal obligations for furniture had been met, but no new purchases were made. While they had plenty to eat, they were short of money. They found

it literally true that "man cannot live on bread alone." Generally speaking, the needs of the preacher's home, beyond the bread supply, are as great as those of any other home.

But every department of the new church continued to grow, and with this enlargement came a corresponding increase in pastoral support and interest therein.

## Chapter 7.

### *Sad News—Sick Child—Conference.*

Their experiences during the summer—their grove meeting just out of town, their cottage prayer-meetings, their Sunday-school picnic, the visitation of other places needing and calling for preaching, and especially the red hot campaign against the saloons of the town—would, if written in detail, make a volume. It was a busy time for the missionaries, and the year was one of triumph for the church, but one of great cost to the missionaries. But a sad experience awaited them; conference time came. They had not heard from their children for quite a while, and so were in a restless, uneasy mood. Could anything serious have befallen them? Had their letter been lost enroute? Or what? The mail, which came only on Tuesdays and Fridays was closely watched. One evening, early in September, a letter came which explained the delay, and confirmed the fears of the parents.

“Overdale, Oregon, August 28.

Dear Papa and Mamma: Delia is very sick of typhoid fever. We had hoped she would get better so we would not have to tell you about it, but this morning she is worse. The doctor was here and thinks it would be well for you to come home. I don't know what he meant by that. I fear he has some doubt as to her recovery. But he seems cheerful when here, and tries to make us believe she is coming out all right.

Last night she was a little delirious, and talked about you several times. That made us feel lonesome without you. We did want so much to have you finish up your full year at Oldham, and then take a good stay

with us at conference time, but maybe you ought to come now. Shall we look for you soon? Don't worry, mamma. Delia is at our house, and has every attention we can give, but, oh,—pardon me—we would like so much to have our dear parents here. You know the rest. We are hoping against fear. Good-bye

Mary.

P. S.—Delia has just inquired if you are coming, and when. She said she dreamed that you were here."

Mr. McDonald having read the letter on his way from the post-office, simply handed it to his wife without comment. All was silent for a few moments. The stress was almost unbearable. At last the devoted mother asked: "What shall we do, William? My heart is breaking. Just think of poor Delia so far away from us grappling with disease and death. If we could only be there, I know she would get better. This letter was written five days ago. How it is going with her now, God only knows." And burying her face in her apron, she sobbed aloud.

Putting his arm about her, and drawing her close to his side, the husband said: "Jennie, we will go in the morning. The work here will get along. I am sure the dear Lord would not have us remain away from our child; and if he would have us go, he will continue his presence here. We can get back, if all goes well, in two months."

It was then six o'clock in the evening. The stage would leave the next morning on its return trip, at the same hour. Whatever preparation was necessary for the journey would have to be made that night. But again the same old question of money came up. Three dollars was the limit of their purse, and it would take at least sixteen dollars to pay their car and stage fare.



However, when the members and other friends learned of their situation, they made up, in a few hours, enough cash for the trip, and to carry them on to conference.

Quite a number came in that evening to bid them good-bye, and to request their return for another year. Of course, they must come back. Larger success, and a better financial support, awaited them, so they were told. Their achievements for the ten months they had been in Oldham were only a prophecy of what they might expect, and of what the people would look for, under more favorable conditions.

Then a little prayer-meeting was held by the dozen or more who happened to be in at the same time. All restraint was thrown off as the supplicants tearfully besought the great Father to bless their pastor and wife, and to spare the life of their darling child. While the occasion was really a sad one, it nevertheless, caused secret rejoicing with the missionaries, as it revealed unmistakably the high esteem in which they were held by their members and others of the town.

The next morning they were off at the appointed hour. The roads being fairly good, they were permitted to take with them what clothing they might need, and a few souvenirs that had been gathered up for their children. The day was long and wearisome. A high speed was maintained, except as they climbed the mountain side. By sundown the same old hotel, so called, was reached—the one that had given Mrs. McDonald the horrors on their first trip along that way. The next day, by ten o'clock, they had reached the railroad, which was only ten miles distant. Eighty miles on the train, and another brief ride in a buggy or wagon out to their former village home, and they would see

their dear ones again. And yet they were almost afraid to inquire about Delia when they should reach their old neighborhood. Immediately upon alighting from their car they ran across a friend who assured them that their child was still alive, though very low. While she might be far down among the shadows, they were rejoiced nevertheless, to learn that she still survived. Their friend feared, however, that their sudden home-going would have a bad effect upon the poor sufferer; so while they were looking up a conveyance, he slipped away on horseback to break the news to the sick girl. How thoughtful in him to tender such a ministry! And with what brotherly regard he must have looked upon the missionary and his family! But he knew them to be pure gold. He had lived by them, and worshiped with them, long enough to appreciate their worth, as his conduct plainly evidenced.

All the children, of course, and Delia especially, were delighted to have their parents with them once more. It seemed so much more like home, they said. Instead of their coming making their daughter worse, it really helped her by inspiring a buoyancy and hopefulness which is always important in the mastery of disease.

To the mother, duty was now plain, so she set about the loving task of nursing her sick child back to life and health. While Delia could not talk much,—in fact, the doctor had told her she should not try,—she almost forgot her illness as the mother for the next two or three days told of the hardships and triumphs of the past year. The influence of the mind over the body was clearly apparent in her case. The light of a new sun seemed to shine into her tender life and radiate the sick room, and from the afternoon on which the

parents arrived she continued to improve, until, by the time of conference, which met the last week in October, she was up and around, and almost completely recovered.

When the bishop called conference to order, the faithful missionary and his wife were present. It was an occasion toward which they had looked for months with high expectations and sweet anticipations. The fellowship of their colaborers was a veritable benediction. All, in fact, were missionaries, and had shared a common lot, though some had suffered and sacrificed more than others.

But Mr. McDonald was easily the hero of the occasion, and was heard with deepest interest when called upon to report his work. For the year's toil he had received one hundred and eighty-seven dollars, besides the meager appropriation made the year before, only half of which had been paid. But somehow God had kept meal in the barrel and oil in the cruse. The promise "My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," had been a constant stimulus to their faith, and helped them through many a dark hour.

Sure enough, as the elder had determined, the missionary secretary was on hand to represent his society and to study the situation especially in Oregon. When the report on missions was read, it dealt almost exclusively with China and India, though prepared by a brother who had gotten less than four hundred dollars for the previous twelve months. This, upon first thought, would seem incongruous, but, after all, what else could have been expected, under the circumstances? The author of the paper scarcely knew there was such

a thing as home missions. He recited, with great emphasis, the needs of the fields far away, and pleaded for the poor toilers who were giving their lives to them, forgetting, if he ever knew, that those abroad were faring far better, in the matter of dollars and cents, than were those employed on the frontier in the home land.

Of course the secretary was called out, and began his talk by congratulating the author of the report on his breadth of vision, and the terse manner in which he had set forth the needs and demands of the heathen world. Then he started to make clear our relations as a church and nation to the rest of mankind, and the need of increasing, by one hundred per cent., the annual contributions to the work across the seas. It was the the same old, cut-and-dried speech, and showed how biased the angle was from which he viewed the subject. The address aroused some enthusiasm, as might have been expected. Some of the brethren decided during the talk that they would make foreign missions the coming year the real burden of their efforts and preaching. And why not? The eloquent secretary had assured them that the reflex influence of foreign missions would do wonders for the home land. They might expect an uplift in spiritual power, an increase in church membership, and large accumulations in material wealth. So they were going to win out at home by talking for and giving to China and India.

When the speaker was through, the bishop quietly suggested that in view of the conditions in Oregon, and the excessive poverty of the preachers of the conference, it might be proper to consider some other phases of the missionary subject. "It does seem to

me," he declared, "that men who stick to the work out here, as these brethren are doing, facing and braving every kind of hardship, deserve a little consideration from the missionary board as well as others do." He had been scanning the reports, and questioning the pastors pretty closely as to how they had managed to get along on the little pittance received.

Then the elder arose to make his contemplated speech. He began by saying: "You all know my attitude on the missionary question. No man can truthfully charge me with the sin of opposing the work abroad either in word or deed. These brethren are my witnesses. In the last twelve months I have taken the whole missionary proposition into consideration as never before, viewing it in all its aspects; and in so doing I have reached the conclusion that our conception of such work is sadly defective, and our plans utterly at variance with those business principles which we think must obtain in everything else.

"We have had not a little to say hitherto about getting our own beloved country ready to help save the rest of the world. The principle, I agree, is right, and the aim most praiseworthy, but to take the money which belongs to our men and their families, leaving them in poverty, to help the other fellows across the waters, is a misguided policy, and will for a long time yet, defeat the very end we hope to achieve"

Then turning to the secretary, he continued: "My brother, where is the money for your society to come from if we do not adequately develop the resources of this great country? Foreign missions are the outgrowth of home missions, and will succeed in proportion as the cause prospers here. The argument that the more

we help heathendom the more we will have at home in men and money is sheer nonsense. Of course, a reasonable share of our funds should go to the work in other countries, but let us not overlook the fact that our men here and elsewhere, all over the land, are shamefully handicapped for want of material support. They can only keep the wolf from the door by working a part of the time with their hands. No wonder we make slow progress. In the meantime the grip of sin is being tightened, and false isms are multiplying constantly. Vast sections of country are left wholly destitute of Protestant preaching. Now, why should we not, as a common-sense, businesslike proposition, and as a matter of good gospel religion, turn a large part of our support to the men who are striving almost day and night to develop and cultivate a country so rich in resources as is ours, and which is to play so important a part in the ultimate saving of the whole world to God.

“To me, Oregon is more important than any section of China, Africa or India, of like size, and it will mean more, finally, in redeeming the earth. I know, as no one else does, what our men here are enduring for the church’s sake. I have been on their fields, and in their homes; and more than once have I, with tear-dimmed eyes, looked upon their scant furniture, and shoeless children. If the missionary society wants to do the right thing, and I assume it does, it will help us out here. Do you know of any preachers or people who are more deserving? On what principle do you propose to make Brother Janes over there, or Brother McDonald here at my side, work for a paltry three hundred a year, and then provide twice that sum for those in the employ of your board, and pay all expenses beside? Certainly

those who give their lives to the work in other climes should be well paid. It would be heartless to think of anything else, but I look upon it as just as cruel to compel our men at home to work for nothing, and at the same time make large demands upon them for missions elsewhere. Then, further, bear in mind that we have many other places in the great West and South that are just as needy as Oregon is, and that promise just as much for the kingdom if properly looked after. But if we take care of this great Coast country we must have men and money. If we had the money we could get the men; and in view of this sad deficiency it becomes the duty of the missionary board to put more money into the home work. You say you do not have it, and you speak the truth, but a ringing appeal should be made to the church at large, and especially to the great East that will secure the needed funds. Should not the strong conferences help the weak ones? Is it not God's own arrangement for the old to aid the young, for the rich to remember the poor? Not a few of our people in the East are already coming West, and will continue to migrate in this direction by thousands in the future. What is to become of them? Their salvation has cost many a prayer in the home, and about the sacred altar of the old neighborhood church. Have the homes and churches and preachers of the East no interest in them after they turn their faces toward the setting sun? Are they willing to let go by default forever the fruits of so much Christian effort, as if it were a mere matter of moonshine? I cannot believe it. They still love their children, and will gladly aid in shepherding them, though far away from the scenes of their early years. I have faith in the church. Brother

Secretary, give it a chance. What we need is a campaign of education in the interest of home missions. Both religion and patriotism demand that we study the real needs and possibilities of our own America. Our cities, being thronged as they are by a vicious foreign element, are becoming more and more problematical as we try to solve the questions of good government, and of civic righteousness, and of world-wide evangelism. New York, Chicago and San Francisco, are vastly more important in their relations to the rest of mankind than are Tokyo, Calcutta and Canton. We are going to change the program in Oregon; home missions will be given first place for a while now. And before we adjourn finally, a public effort will be made to raise funds for this cause. If something is not done, and that speedily, some of our men will be compelled to quit, and very much that has already been wrought through their toil and great privations will be lost to us forever. What will the mission board do for us?"

The speech, only a part of which is given here, was logical and convincing. At times the speaker arose to the sublime as he pleaded for his men and pointed out the lack of laborers in the face of an ever-whitening harvest. Many were the "amens" heard and many the tears shed, while he talked. When he had concluded, the observation of the bishop was, "I heartily endorse all you have said, Brother Buell."

Then the secretary asked to be heard again. His eyes, too, had been opened, and as well, suffused with tears. Some things the elder had said were a revelation to him. "I grant that Elder Buell is right, unquestionably right," he exclaimed, "but, brethren, I have



pressed foreign missions on the ground that more money can be raised on such a plea than on any other."

"There's where you are mistaken," ejaculated the bishop. "You have before you now in this conference a condition that ought to arouse into helpful co-operation the patriotism and Christian manhood of the entire church."

"Really, bishop, I have been afraid to change my methods lest the society suffer. You know we have thirty foreign missionaries at work, and they simply must be cared for, and thus far it has taken about all we could raise for that purpose. But, beloved, I am thoroughly convinced now that a plea can be made for Oregon and many another place in the home-land, that will be just as effective as any that could be put up for benighted countries. Of course the ignorance and idolatry of the people in heathen lands is awful. We have nothing here to compare with it. But it is clear that other things must be considered. We must take into account the relation of our nation to other peoples, and the essential part she is to play in the ultimate consummation of God's great redemptive scheme. It is more than a question of ignorance and barbarism; these will continue until America feels the thrill of a divine touch, and, rising up in her giant strength, impresses her mighty personality upon all surrounding nations. Preparation for the task of regenerating the whole world is absolutely necessary. The entire process is clear to me. Just as a man cannot be especially interested in the salvation of others until he is first redeemed himself, likewise this country of ours, the mightiest of all in natural resources and in its religious possibilities, can never measure up to the divine expectation as a world power,

spiritually, until it is won and consecrated to Jesus Christ. What a wonderful undertaking we have on our hands. I bid you God speed in your brave work out here. I am with you heart and soul. In my judgment, no toilers in all the employ of the church are more in need of help than are yours in this great State, and the work of none is more important. Depend upon it, bishop and brethren, the church is going to hear from me on this question. If I live till another board meeting occurs, we'll do some planning that will count for the home field."

At night a subscription of three hundred dollars was taken for missions in Oregon, the bishop and secretary each giving twenty-five of that. A great victory had been won for home missions, and especially for the humble, devoted toilers on the Coast. The fire of a new hope kindled in many a breast, and a new joy beamed in many an eye. Mr. McDonald was too modest to say anything, but he was happy over what had been said and done. The secretary went away with a keen appreciation of the whole situation; the bishop was encouraged; Elder Buell was re-elected, and the hero of Oldham started back to his waiting flock singing,

"Where He leads me I will follow,  
Where He leads me I will follow,  
Where He leads me I will follow,  
I'll go with him, with him all the way."

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